

LadyLike

Issue No. 11

\$9.00

ADULTS ONLY

Melissa Foster



DOUBLE PROFILES

Brenda Davidson

Melissa Foster

MY SEARS & ROEBUCK RED PANTIES

*Dee is back with
another Texas tale.*

Roberts' Ramblings

“ There's a new evangelism in the transgender community: defending our right to assume different gender roles. The time seems ripe on the 200th anniversary of the Bill of Rights, to step forward and declare our right to pursue life, liberty and happiness.

These declarations are happening all over the country. In March of '91, I sent a Bill of Gender Rights to every support group on the Resources list and to selected mainstream organizations like SIECUS and The Federation for Planned Parenthood. Almost simultaneously, the Gender Alternatives League in California issued a Gender Activist Declaration of Independence. At the International Foundation for Gender Education convention in April, a constitutional lawyer issued another Gender Bill of Rights. And, Sister Mary Elizabeth, SSE, of J2CP Information Services, formed the Interfaith Coalition for Human Rights. (Sister Mary has been active in the civil rights area for almost 15 years.)

The energy is there. The time is right. There are people willing to lay it on the line. What we need now is a concerted grass-roots effort in support of these documents and we need to create an umbrella organization that will work with state and federal legislators to secure the rights for *all* people. You can help by volunteering your active support. We need people willing to write letters and make phone calls to their state and federal representatives. We need people who are so fed up with hiding who they really are that the risk of exposure as a crossdresser or a transsexual is no longer fearful. We need people who *do* fear the loss of their Right to Freedom of Expression.

Now, some of you likely feel that your voice won't make any difference and that's true; a single voice crying in the wilderness won't help much. Sister Mary can tell you all about that. But a choir of voices singing in concert will be heard. The choir directors are here and waiting for the choir members to show up. Will you sing with us?

Let me tell you now that the song we want you to sing is *Freedom For All*. As Sister Mary said in a recent letter, "It is — in my opinion — time the *bandaid therapy* approach be abandoned and laws enacted that protect the rights of ALL human or sentient beings." We cannot expect to make any gains by asking for single-group legislation. Our goal must be to work for passage of legislation that will insure equal protection under the law for all people with out regard to age; color; class or caste; creed; economic position; education; ethnic or cultural background; gender or gender-identity; handicap or disability; marital status; medical diagnosis, illness or condition; nationality or national origin; physical attributes or appearance; psychiatric/psychological diagnosis, illness or condition; religion or religious preference; race; sex, sexual status, sexual orientation or sexual preference; social status or social upbringing. We are all entitled to live under a government of laws free of prejudice and the weaknesses of society.

If you're "Mad as Hell," and you're, "Not Gonna Take It Anymore!" then get involved. Write to me at CDS, P.O. Box 1263, King of Prussia, PA 19406. Write to Sister Mary at I.C.H.R., P.O. Box 184, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92693-0184. Write to Cynthia Howard at G.A.L., P.O. Box 3392, Napa, CA 94558.

Exercise your rights or lose them. The choice is your's.

JoAnn Roberts



LadyLike

ISSUE #11

In This Issue ...

FEATURES

Profile: Brenda Davidson.....4

Once you find out this girl's other hobby,
you'll understand where she got her name.

A Personal Story Part II.....17

We go back for a visit with Maggie Morgan (LL#7)
to see how her life has changed for the good.

My Sears & Roebuck Red Panties ..26

Our Texan Teller of Tales is back with
another Dee-lightful story.

Profile: Melissa Foster28

A brief, but interesting, talk with a real world traveler.

Learn about ABC40

Our French sisters celebrate their 25th Anniversary.

Photo Feature: Mariette Pathy Allen43

Mariette shares some of her beautiful
photographic work with us.

DEPARTMENTS

Girl Talk10

Resources14

Mirror-Mirror.....21

Transformations37



Brenda Davidson



Melissa Foster



BRENDA DAVIDSON

LadyLike's **PROFILE**

NAME: Brenda Davidson

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Communications Systems

RESIDENCE: Mechanicsburg, PA

HEIGHT: 5' 8"

WEIGHT: 142#

MEASUREMENTS: 34C - 29 - 34, 9/10

SHOE SIZE: 9½

FAVORITE THINGS

SHOES STYLE: Snakeskin Pumps

PERFUME: Red

MOVIE: Black Rain, Total Recall

MUSIC: Alphaville, REM, Aerosmith

ACTIVITIES: Motorcycle Roadracing

PLACE: On the gas into turn #1 at Daytona

TURN-ONS: >150 mph or *anything* that seems like it.

TURN-OFFS: < 150 mph or *anyone* who seems like it.



Brenda "Roxy" Davidson

LadyLike: You seemed quite surprised when I approached you for this interview. Was this a useful exercise for you?

Brenda Davidson: To let you know who "Brenda" is was quite an eye-opening experience for me. A great deal of ground has been covered, some good, some bad, but all of it is the groundwork that led to the person that people in the transgendered community know today as Brenda.

LL: OK, so lets start at the beginning. How and when did you start crossdressing?

BD: I grew up in rural Pennsylvania. My father commuted to work and when my sister and I were old enough to take care of ourselves, my mother took a local job. Then, my sister

turned 16 and took a part-time job, so I was left with a lot of time to discover and indulge in a source of outward expression that was in step with the way I felt from my earliest memories.

I'll never know what compelled me to do it, but one day I went to my sister's lingerie drawer and dressed myself in her underthings. I remember feeling very right about myself, like I had finally discovered my niche in life.

The next several years I can only liken to space exploration. The trips I took into the unknown and the information I brought back was so exciting that I only wanted to more about this thing called femininity.

After a while, I became bored with my sister's things and discovered my mother's drawer. It was full of girdles, long-line bras, garter belts, and one of my favorite pieces of feminine attire — stockings in various lengths and colors.



BD: On graduating from high school, I had a choice to make: go to college, or marry my high school sweetheart. I chose to get married. At the time, it seemed to be what I wanted from life.

Needless to say, my life changed dramatically. As we built our life together, less and less money was available for racing. Without the funds and time for practice, my competitive edge began to get dull.

But, I was considered a source of motorcycle knowledge and I took a job in a shop as the Parts & Accessories Manager. I attracted a loyal clientele and I helped a lot of the younger racers set up their machines.

LL: Did that work for you?

BD: Well, my life seemed to be fitting together nicely. To some, I had it "made." I wasn't even 21 years old and I had a wife, a good job, a house and a great potential for a family.

At the age of 12, the "curse" of puberty hit me. I was traumatized. Hair was growing everywhere and my feminine shape was developing masculine muscles.

LL: Your association with motorcycles began about that time, didn't it? Musta been the testosterone workin' on the brain. Tell us about the bikes and how that started.

BD: Yes, I started to race motorcycles in high school. My parents had been involved with motorcycle racing for years so I was more or less born into the sport. I took it up because it was affordable and I could compete at the local level.

My crossdressing was put into the background as I became more involved in the competition and trying to earn money for better equipment.

LL: You met your wife in high school didn't you and got married. What happened then?



But, I didn't feel complete and I began to search for something to fill the empty feelings.

LL: *I'm sure that many of us can identify with that empty feeling. Was it then that you went back to crossdressing?*

BD: Not right away. It didn't take long to remember those feelings of being in tune with myself. I made a decision to find someone else who felt the way I did. I remember my disappointment in finding a whole section devoted to crossdressing in the adult bookstore. Most of the magazines weren't what I was looking for, but at least I now knew there were others with the same fondness for feminine clothing.

I began to collect a "stash" of clothing and I hid it in a place where no one would find it. I began dressing at home at every opportunity and pretty soon those opportunities weren't coming along frequently enough for me.



LL: *Did your relationship benefit or suffer from your renewed crossdressing?*

BD: My wife became both suspicious and jealous of my happiness. At first, she suspected I was having an affair, and, of course, she was absolutely correct. It may sound selfish, but the only things that brought me true joy were seeing one of my bikes win a race and the time I could spend as Brenda.

Then, one day I returned home to find that my hiding place "no one would ever find" had been discovered by my wife. She wanted to know whose clothes they were. It took me better than half an hour to convince her they were mine, but that was the beginning of the end.

LL: *Did you try to make it work?*

BD: Yes, but we were both kidding ourselves. One night she informed me that she was having an affair. I don't know if it was retaliation or





LL: *I am very appreciative of the compliment. Many people tell me they've used LadyLike in the same way. So, how did it go?*

BD: I spent three hours rambling on without letting her get a word in edgewise. I was feeling cleansed and wholesome as I spilled my soul to her. Finally, I stopped and waited for a response. I expected the worst.

Well, that didn't happen. Imagine my surprise when this very caring and self-assured woman told me that she had some background on the subject from college and that I was still me, and she loved me for whomever I was or wanted to be.

I couldn't believe my good fortune and decided to put her words to a test. We agreed to a day when I would dress for her. I came home early one day and started. The finishing touches were being applied as she entered the room. She looked over the transformation and gave her approval, then she took the first photos of Brenda.

That was it. The doubt was dispelled and we

good timing, but I told her I was still crossdressing. Eight months later we were divorced. During those months I worked on Brenda's image.

LL: *So, is that when Brenda sorta took over?*

BD: No. Not too long after, I met a girl and we hit it off really well. The dating grew into a relationship more solid. I purged Brenda into the Goodwill bin and we moved in together.

Of course, the desire to dress returned and I knew I'd have to tell her. We had a serious relationship going and I wanted her to know everything. If she accepted me — great! If she didn't, then I wasn't going to put us through the mental anguish I had experienced in the past.

This was when I realized, "I am what I am." Great plans were made about how to present the subject. The premiere issue of *LadyLike* was chosen as a literature source, and I picked a date to tell her.



continue to build our life today.

LL: *Some would say you really did have the best possible situation, finally. How, then, did you get involved with Renaissance?*

BD: My girlfriend, now my wife, suggested I contact a support group and I found Renaissance in the listing in *LadyLike*. Imagine how surprised I was to find they had a local chapter. I was excited and apprehensive. I sent a letter and I received a reply within a week informing me of a social get-together at the end of the month. A phone number was included and I called it right away to make arrangements to join them.

That evening went great! The people were very open and friendly. I remember driving home afterwards and that empty feeling disappeared, never to return. For this alone, I knew I had to get more involved.

Let me use motorcycle racing as an analogy. Every corner in a race is a flirtation with disaster. On each subsequent lap, you enter it a little harder and a little faster until everything, the braking, the tires, the angle of lean and your reflexes, is right on the edge. It is also necessary to develop the skill of going over that edge just enough to define the boundaries, or else how will you know it's there.

With these principles in mind, I began my inquiry into the transgendered community. So far, the corners have been relatively easy and the most direct line through them has been easy to achieve.

I feel fortunate to have become active in a time when so many outstanding individuals are making great strides forward for the community. (Some seem to be chasing their tales, but causing a stir nonetheless.)

I don't have to tell anyone this path is not uncluttered; everyone has their own ideas and

opinions. I feel it is important to listen to what anybody has to say. One should always be open to new concepts.

LL: *[For the benefit of our readers let me interject that Brenda is now the Managing Director of the Lower Susquehanna Valley chapter of Renaissance and a member of the national board of directors. If you want something accomplished, just ask Brenda to do it.]*

OK, sum it all up for us. Was it worth it?

BD: The past decade of my life has been a steady series of improvements. I'm married to a wonderful person who accepts me for who I am. There are, and always will be, adjustments for us to make along the way

LL: *I understand you've just made a major adjustment. What was that?*

BD: We were graced with the birth of our first child, a son. We will teach him the openness and understanding of those who are different that we share. My hope is that he will develop the same fondness for life and, of course, motorcycles, as I have.

In closing, it must be said that I am enjoying my new role in the community. I have met many people and never fail to find a special quality in each one of them. I've taken up the cause for much of the same reasons that I enjoy the challenges of motorcycle road racing: showing others there are achievements to reach for, and limitations we have yet to discover.

LL: *If you had one chance to impart advice to someone, what would that be?*

BD: Sure: Be an enemy to no one, a friend to everyone, and never be anything less than straight-up!

Girl Talk



small for you. I know that everyone wants to appear as slim as possible but bras and girdles that are too small can accentuate figure flaws and make you look worse as well as feel uncomfortable.

To figure your correct bra size, measure around the fullest part of your chest just at or below your nipples. Round up the measurement to an even number, for example—a 39 inch chest would take a 40 inch bra. That number is your numerical bra size. Then, based on your frame you can pick your cup size - a small man might choose a “B” cup, a medium build, like I have, might choose a “C” cup, and a large frame might choose a “D” cup. Of course, if you’re into large breasts, pick a larger cup size. So, you will end up with a measurement like 38C or 40D.

A girdle is made for a woman with hips larger than her waist, usually up to 10 inches larger. This may be your problem. If you’re buying for hip size, the waist is much too small for you. Rather than a girdle, buy a panty brief.

As for the shoes, once again, size is all important. If your toes are pinched, your shoes are much too small. If the balls of your feet hurt, the heel height is likely much too high for your foot.

Men’s and women’s shoe sizes are not equal. A woman’s shoes size is one to two sizes smaller than a man’s for the same number. That is, a woman’s size 10 is like a man’s size 8 or 9, so you must buy-up from your normal man’s size. Women’s shoes are generally available up to size 10 in any store. Specialty stores will handle up to size 12. Over that you need a TV boutique that has larger sizes. The best way to insure fit is to try on the shoes before you buy them.

A good source in your area for both undergarments and shoes is Walk on the Wildside, 429C Dundas St. East, Toronto, Ontario M5A-2A9, (416) 864-0420. Paddy &

Girl Talk is your forum. Any question on any topic is fair game from makeup secrets to the psychology of gender transpositions. If you have a question for JoAnn, write to her care of this magazine.

Dear JoAnn,

I have two really important questions. How does one endure undergarments, especially bras that pinch and tight girdles? And, second, How do you learn to walk in heels with pinched toes and bruised balls of your feet?

LRT, Toronto Canada

Dear LRT,

Didn’t anyone ever tell you that you have to suffer to be beautiful? Seriously, undergarments that fit correctly should not bind or pinch. If they do, then you’re wearing a size that is too

Veronica can fit you with the sizes you need.

Dear JoAnn,

Please let me know what to use to cover my beard. I've tried cover up and pancake and neither one works and I also tried cover creme by Dermablend which is supposed to work and doesn't.

Rosemarie, Vancouver, WA

Dear Rosemarie,

Perhaps it is not the products but the way in which you are applying them that is causing the problem. For example, Dermablend was developed for people with severe skin blemishes, like port-wine birthmarks, and it has always worked for me and many others. Let's walk through an application.

First, make sure you shave as closely as possible. The new Gillette Sensor® razor is very good at cutting close to the hair root. Shave twice if necessary and use a shaving gel, not a cream.

Next, clean and dry your face then wipe it with an astringent to remove any excess oils. Witch hazel is fine. Alcohol should be used only if you have very oily skin. Apply a moisturizer to your face. This doesn't put moisture into your face, but prevents moisture loss and seals the skin for a smooth application of foundation.

Now apply the cover cream. I recommend that you use the cover cream as your foundation, so apply it all over your face and slightly under the jawline. Match the color of the concealer to the skin tone on your cheeks and jaw. Concealers like Dermablend are almost all wax and you need to work it with your fingers to get it soft enough to apply. This is one time that a sponge is not going to help you. Work the concealer with your fingers and pat it into place all over your face, working a small area at a time. After you've covered it all, go over with a sponge to blend away any lines. Your beard should not be showing. If it is, go back over the beard line with more concealer, but not too heavy. Build up the color in thin layers rather than one heavy layer.

I like to add color before setting the foundation with powder. So, do your eyes, contour,

highlights and blusher, then apply the setting powder. Finally, apply lip color. Dust lightly with loose powder and brush off the excess. That should do it.

Dear JoAnn,

It seems my biggest problem is facial hair and I seem to have a bumper crop. Basically, I've tried everything without much success. Lately I've been considering hormones to slow down growth. In LL#7 you mentioned "Nutrolysis." Can you tell me more and is there an easier way to shave a beard? Should I try "Hormonal Beard Retardant Cream?"

Tracey J., Little Rock, AR

Dear Tracey,

Like all other "home" electrolysis units, the Nutrolysis unit was a waste of time and money. My friend had no better results than if she simply plucked the hair with tweezers. In any event, these home units are not recommended for facial hair. The other product you mentioned, "Hormonal Beard Retardant Cream" will be just as useless. In fact, the product is an out and out fraud. If it really contained human female hormones and if it really retarded hair growth as a result, it would be a prescription product. As it is, it is probably classified as a cosmetic and likely contains plant estrogens. The point of all this is — the only growth this stuff will retard is your bank account. Take a look at Girl Talk in LL#10 for a discussion on the effects of prescription hormones.

I will say it again, the only way to permanently stop hair growth is by professional electrolysis. Anyone who tells you a "home" product can achieve the same results is misleading you.

If you've been using an electric razor, it will take some time to get used to a razor blade shave. I recommend a Gillette Sensor® razor and shaving gel. It also helps to shave immediately after a hot shower so the beard hairs are soft. Shave against the "grain" of the beard hairs and shave twice if necessary. You should be able to get a reasonably smooth shave this way.

Dear JoAnn,
Is “tucking” harmful? And sometimes
when I do it, it’s still noticeable. Is there a
better way to have a smooth appearance.
Darlynn, San Diego

Dear Darlynn,
I assume by “tucking” you mean pushing the testicles and penis back between your legs and using a gaff or tight panty-brief to hold everything in place. Harmful? Maybe, if you’re looking to have children soon. The testicles must be at a lower temperature than the rest of the body in order to make sperm properly. Pushing the testicles into the body raises the temperature and sperm production goes way down. No one really knows the long-term effects, but it could result in abnormal sperm formations.

As for a smoother appearance, there is another way: *The JoAnn Roberts Instant Sex Change, Patent Pending.*

You’re going to need surgical tape. I use Johnson & Johnson Dermiclear First Aid Tape, 1” wide (red cap). You’re also going to have to shave your pubic area completely.

Tear off three lengths of tape. The exact lengths are not important. Two should be about 2-3 inches. The third about 7 inches. Very gently push your testes up into your body. See figure 1. (**NOTE:** If you can’t do this, stop and forget it. Keep doing what you’ve been doing and live with it.) This leaves the scrotum as

loose skin flaps.

Pull the flaps up over the base of your penis, overlapping one side on the other. Take one of the short pieces of tape and tape the flaps so that you now have a “tube” of skin around the base

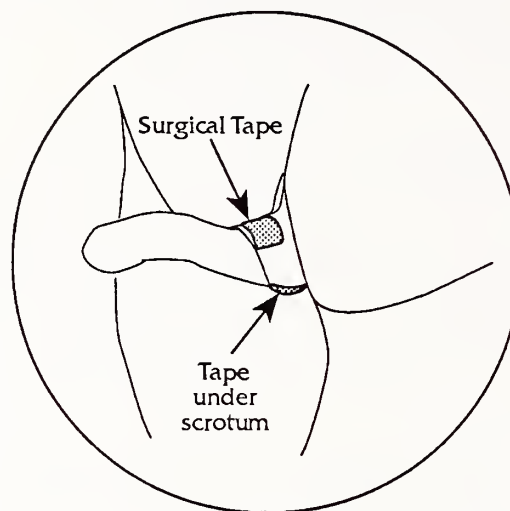


Figure 2

of your penis. See Figure 2.

Take the second short length of tape and place it lengthwise along the underside of the penis shaft. Start about a 3/4 of an inch back on what’s called the perineum (the smooth skin between the base of the penis and your anus) and apply along the bottom of the penis shaft toward the front. I’ll explain why later.

Now, grasp the head of the penis and pull gently outward. This lengthens the shaft and decreases the diameter slightly. Take the long piece of tape, while still pulling on the penis, and

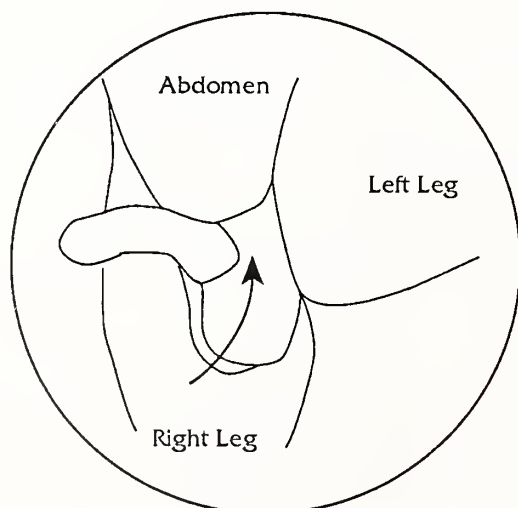


Figure 1

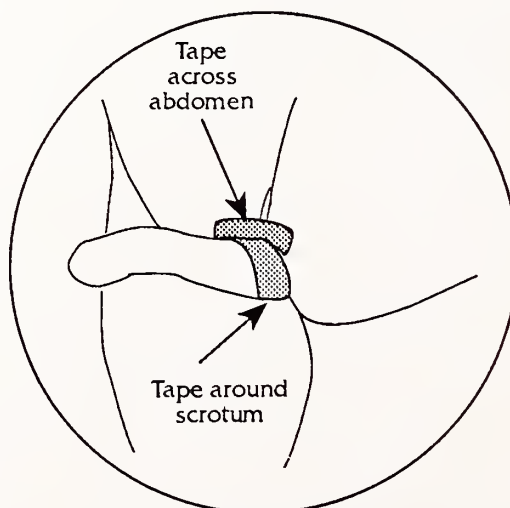


Figure 3

tape all the way around the circumference of the shaft. See Figure 3. You will have to experiment to find just the right amount of tension to apply. Too much can be painful.

Now, looking down on your penis you will notice a fold of skin just above the tape where the two flaps from the scrotum crossover. Tear off three more pieces of tape about 3 inches long and starting at the bottom of the gap overlap the pieces horizontally until the gap is completely

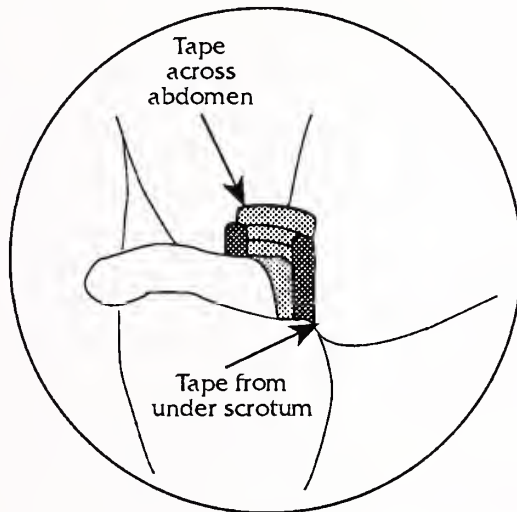


Figure 4

covered. Then place two more pieces on either side of the scrotum coming up from the perineum. See Figure 4.

If you've followed this correctly, you should now be able to push your penis up inside this "tube" of skin you secured with tape. See Figure 5. If the tension was "just so" on the wrap tape,

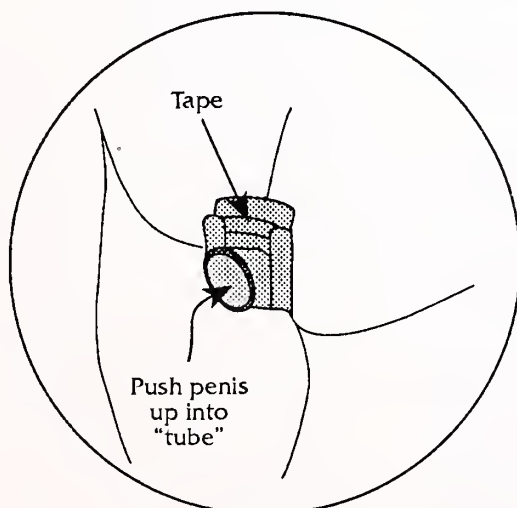


Figure 5

your penis should stay up inside your body. If not, it will slide right out, but that's okay. You just don't want it too tight.

Now, you can finish the job two different ways. If you use a gaff or panty-brief, simply fold the edges of the taped skin-tube up into the cavity you just created and the gaff/panty will keep everything in place. Or, take two pieces of tape about 6 to 8 inches long and overlap them lengthwise (so it's almost two inches wide) and apply from the perineum upwards covering the skin-tube. With this last method, you can get an absolutely smooth surface, but you better not plan on urinating in the near future.

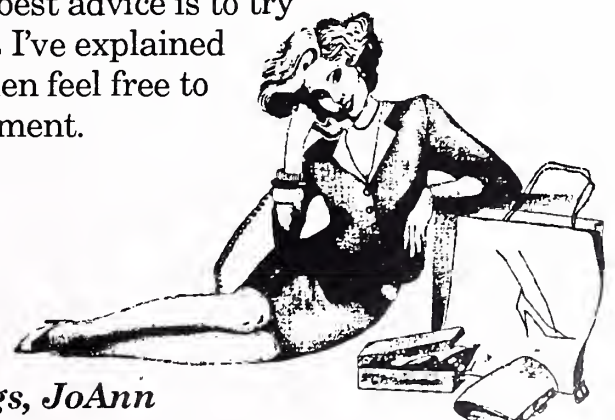
I have been able to wear skin-tight stretch pants and a bathing suit with this method. The only "side-effect" is a slight bulge above the pubis bone, but many women have this bulge anyway, so it does tend to look real.

I tape like this almost every time I dress. I also cut a small hole in the cotton panel of my pantyhose. So, when I need to use a restroom, all I have to do is push aside my briefs, apply slight pressure above my pubis bone and the penis slides out the tube and I can urinate without having to remove my pantyhose.

I have a cocktail waitress costume that includes very high cut briefs and when I wear it people are amazed that I show no evidence of male genitalia. It blows them away. It is a little strange at first, but you get used to it.

Remember that short piece of tape under the shaft of the penis? If you don't use that, the longer wrap tape will curl up. Then one of two things happen. Your penis falls out the bottom of the tube, or it gets very painful if you pulled the wrap too tight.

My best advice is to try this as I've explained and then feel free to experiment.



Hugs, JoAnn

Resources

We'll try to keep an up-to-date listing of groups and sympathetic businesses. Please let us know of any additions/corrections.

Groups are classified as: (o)=open membership, TV/TS; (c)=family-oriented, hetero TV only; or (TS) TS only.

• National Organizations •

International Foundation for Gender Education (IFGE), Box 367, Wayland, MA 01778, Publishes "TV/TS Tapestry". Reprints and books on TV/TS subjects, other info. 617-899-2212.

Outreach Institute, Box 368, Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215. General TV/TS information for personal and professional use. Hard to find books.

Renaissance Education Association, Inc., Box 552, King of Prussia, PA 19406; 215-630-1437, \$12 membership fee includes monthly newsletter. Background Papers on TV/TS issues for personal and professional use. Speakers Bureau. Inquire about new chapters.

Society for the Second Self (SSS), Box 194, Tulare, CA 93275. Organization for Hetero-TV's *only*. Publishes "Femme Mirror." See chapters listed below.

•Organizations by State•

City, Name, Address, Zipcode

Arizona

Tempe, Alpha-Zeta SSS(f), Box 24459, 85285

Scottsdale, A Rose(o), Box 4351, 85261

California

Anaheim, PPOC(o), Box 9091, 92812

Duarte, CHIC(f), Box 562, 91010

Los Angeles, Androgyny, PO Box 480740, 90048

Monrovia, Sigma Chi SSS(f), PO Box 291, 91017

Sacramento, Sacramento Gender Assoc(o), Box 417701, 95841

San Diego, Neutral Corner(o), Box 12581, 92112

San Francisco, ETVC(o), Box 6486, 94101

San Jose, Rainbow Gender Association(o), Box 700730, 95170

Tulare, Tri Chi SSS(f), Box 194, 93275

Woodland Hills, Corss-Talk, Box 944, 91365

Connecticut

Farmington, Connecticut Outreach Society(o), Box 163, 06034

Colorado

Denver, Gender Identity Center, 3715 West 32nd Ave, 80211

Florida

Hollywood, Serenity(o), Box 307, 33022

Miami, Animas (o), Box 420309, 33242

St. Petersburg, Southern Belles (o), Box 23112, 33742

Winter Park, Phi Epsilon Mu SSS (f), Box 3261, 32790

Georgia

Atlanta, Sigma Epsilon SSS(f), Box 250481, 30325

Decatur, AEGIS (TS), Box 33724, 30033-0724

Hawaii

Honolulu, Hawaii TG Outreach(o), 777 Kapiolani Blvd., Ste 3114, 96813

Illinois

Chicago, Chicago Gender Society(o), Box 578005, 60657

Washington, Central Illinois Gender Assoc.(o), Box 126, 61517

Wood Dale, Chi Chapter SSS(f), Box 40, 60191

Indiana

Indianapolis, IXE(o), Box 20710, 46220

Kansas

Overland Park, Crossdressers & Friends, Box 4092, 66204

Louisiana

New Orleans, Tri Delta Chi SSS(f), Box 870213, 70187

Maine

Portland, TransSupport, Box 17622, 04101

Massachusetts

Springfield, The Twenty Club(TS), Box 80690, Forrest Pk Sta, 01138

Woburn, Tiffany Club(o), Box 2283, 01888

Michigan

Grand Rapids, W. Michigan I.M.E.(o), Box 1153, 49501

Royal Oak, Crossroads(o), Box 1245, 48068

Minnesota

Minneapolis, CLCC(o), Box 16265, 55416

St. Paul, MFGE(o), Box 17945, 55117

Mississippi

Jackson, Beta Chi SSS, Box 31253, 39206

Missouri

St. Louis, St. Louis Gender Foundation, Box 9433, 63117

Nebraska

Bellevue, River City(o), Box 1305, 68005

Omaha, RCR(f), Box 24060, 68124

New Mexico

Santa Fe, Fiesta SSS(f), DeVargas Center, Suite G-451, 87501

New Jersey

Brick, MOTG, Renaissance Affiliate, Box 1326, 08723

Mays Landing, Renaissance Chapter (o), Box 189, 08330

New York

Albany, TGIC(o), Box 13604, 12212

Brooklyn, Girl's Night Out (o), Box 369, 11235

Mountainville, Chi Delta Mu SSS(f), Box 93, 10953

New York City, The Gathering, Box 29, 10021-0030

Ozone Park, LIFE (f), Box 121, 11416

Rochester, CD•Network, Box 92055, 14692

Syracuse, EON(o), 523 W. Onondaga St., 13204

Tillson, Transgender Network(o), Box 177, 12486-0177

Ohio

Cincinnati, Cross-Port(o), Box 12701, 45212

Elyria, Alpha-Omega SSS(f), Box 954, 44036

Parma, Paradise Club(o), Box 29564, 44129

Reynoldsburg, Crystal Club, Box 287, 43068

Oregon

Portland, NW Gender Alliance(o), Box 4928, 97208.

Resources

Pennsylvania

Harrisburg/York, Renaissance LSV
Box 2122, 17105

Phila., Renaissance Chapter (o), Box
AD, Bensalem, 19020

Pittsburgh, TransPitt(o), Box 3214,
15230

Texas

Alief, Tau Chi Tri SSS(f), Box 1105,
77411

Arlington, Delta Omega SSS(f), Box
1021, 76004

Austin, Heart of Texas (o), Box 402,
78767

Houston, Gulf Coast TV Chapter(o),
Box 90335, 77090

San Antonio, B&P Society(o), Box
169652, 78280

Utah

Salt Lake City, Alpha Rho Provesta
SSS, Box 26711, 84126

Virginia

Arlington, DCEA(o), Box 16036,
22215

Richmond, Virginia's Secret (o), Box
34631, 23234

West Virginia

Huntington, Trans-WV, Box 2322, WV
25724

Washington

Portland, NW Gender Alliance(o), Box
4928, 97208

Seattle, Emerald City(o), Box 31318,
98103

•Canadian •

Cornbury Society, Box 3745,
Vancouver, B.C. V6B-3Z1

Monarch Social Club (o), Box 682,
Owen Sound, Ontario, N4K 5P1

Toronto Crossdressers' Club Inc.,
429C Dundas St. East, Toronto,
Ontario, M5A-2A9

•Information Services •

CT, *Manchester*, Gender Identity
Clinic of New England, TS info, 68
Adelaide Rd., 06040

MA, *N. Dartmouth*, Gender
Information Services, Information for
transsexuals, Box 9238, 02747

Quebec, *Hamilton*, FACT(TS), Box

291, Station "A", Ontario, L8N-3C8

•Boutiques & Businesses •

CA, *Glendale*, NS Products (Breast
Forms), Box 6678-L, 91205

CA, *Laguna Niguel*, Fashion 2000
(makeup & fashion consultants), Box
6502, 92607

CA, *Mt. View*, B&R Creations
(Corsetry), Box 4201-L, 94040

CA, *San Diego*, Jo Lynn White
Image Consultant, 619-492-8816

CA, *Sherman Oaks*, Lydia's TV
Fashions, 13837 Ventura Blvd., Suite 2,
91423, 818-995-7195.

CA, *Tustin*, Versatile Fashions, Box
1051, 92681

CT, *Greenwich & New Haven areas*,
Jane Doyle Electrology, 203-869-2323
or 734-5408

MA, *Waltham*, Vernon's
Specialities, 386-EF Moody St., 02254,
617-894-1744

NJ, *Romance & Lace Lingerie*, 721b
Black Horse Pike, Turnersville, 609-
227-5845

NY, *NYC*, Mardi Gras Boutique, 400
W. 14th St. at 8th Ave., 212-947-7773

PA, *Jenkintown*, Laine Alexander
Image Consultant, 215-635-8858

PA, *Upper Darby*, Marilyn's Wigs,
215-446-0799

Canada, *Toronto*, Walk on the
Wildside, TV Boutique, 416-864-0420

Canada, *Owen Sound*, FantasyLand,
TV Boutique, 274 8th St. E., Box 682,
Ontario, N4K-5R4

•Recurring Events •

Autumn Accord, put on by the New
York State Gender Coalition; EON
(Syracuse), TGIC (Albany) and
CD•Network(Rochester) in early
October. Inquire with any club.

Be All You Can Be Weekend, put on
by Paradise Club, Crossroads, Trans-
Pitt and Chi Chapter of SSS in June.

Fantasia Fair, 10 days, once a year in
October, in Provincetown, MA. Contact
the Outreach Institute.

IFGE Convention, once a year in
April, '92 in Houston, '93 in
Philadelphia. Contact I.F.G.E.

On The Scene Nite, 2nd. Saturday
each month at the Queen Mary, Studio
City, Calif. (818) 506-5619.

Paradise in the Poconos, 4days/
3nights, twice a year, May and
September, in the Pa. Poconos. Contact
CDS.

Tiffany Provincetown Outings,
twice a year in Oct & June.

*Please send a self-addressed
stamped, large, business
envelope when writing to the
support groups and information
services. Many of them are on
tight budgets and your kindness
will be greatly appreciated.*



Laine Alexander
IMAGE CONSULTANT
"Distinctly Different"

- **Make-up Application and Lessons**
- **Shopping Services**
- **Wardrobe Consultation and Evaluation**
- **Feminine Image Transformation**
- **Dressing Sessions**

My service is a unique combined approach of professional adviser/consultant and sensitive caring friend. It is provided for the serious client only, in a comfortable, **discreet** atmosphere on an individual basis. Working together we can create and refine the **feminine image** you desire.

By Appointment: 215-635-TV58

1657 THE FAIRWAY • SUITE 190 • JENKINTOWN, PA 19046

(Suburban Philadelphia)

Fantasyland

fantasia fashions

Home of the
Monarch Social Club

274 8th St. E. P.O. Box 682
Owen Sound, Ontario
N4K 5R4 (519) 371-1215

\$50 - FULL set of catalogs* (plus Ont. Sales Tax)

Send certified cheque or money order to above address

Phone orders require MAJOR credit card

Alluring dresses, lingerie, stockings, corsets, maids wear, fantasy fashions, crinolines, gloves, boots, shoes, wigs, chest pieces (incl. silicone), ALL sizes to (48" chest)

4 Rooms of Pleasure
"a bonifide sex shoppe"



TV's Welcome

- Transformations

- Private Sessions

- Photo Sessions

- Private Boudoir

- Books & Publications

LOOK NO FURTHER!

BEST SELECTION IN CANADA!

Discreet

(male self only in store please)

Beginners Welcome

* \$50 - FULL Set: (includes 10 catalogs in all) Clothing, Lingerie, Wigs, Shoes, Boots, Session Prices, Femme I Flyers and more.
(Please specify TV to receive ALL TV material.)

A Personal Story

Part II

by Maggie Morgan

When I concluded “A Personal Story” in *LadyLike* #7, I had just begun living part-time as a woman, and was starting to think about going to work as Maggie. A lot has happened since then, which I’d like to share with you.

I lived the 50-50 life for about a year, going through the trials of adolescent girlhood in truncated form. I was narcissistic, a shameless flirt, and made it very difficult to let the people around me warm up to me. Even my roommate, who had been so supportive—she’d even given me female presents for my birthday—was having problems with my behavior.

The fundamental dilemma became clear upon reflection. I was working so hard to assert my female existence that I was trying to eliminate my male self completely. What I needed to do was incorporate the best features of my male personality into my female, which is not as anomalous as it might seem given the androgynous nature of my male persona. I also had to clear up some old personal traumas which were standing in the way of my self-acceptance. After a while, I found it easy and comfortable to work the “masculine” things of my life into Maggie and to win the approval I had so long sought from those around me.

It’s been said that every answer leads to another question and it was certainly true in my case. Quite simply, I came to realize that the 50-50 life wasn’t working anymore. I could grow no further as a male. In fact, I had reached a kind of stasis, sort of a living death. At a very young age, I had seen that my life would change dramatically at the age of 40. Now, at 39, I knew that the vision was real,



and I would have to do something about it.

As I pondered the problem, incidents from my childhood came back to me, things I hadn’t thought of for decades. It’s amazing what comes into your head when you’re about to change your life.

...

When I was about nine years old, I thought that Elizabeth Taylor was the most gorgeous woman ever placed on the Earth. In fact, looking back at *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* and *Suddenly Last Summer*, I realize I was absolutely right. Anyway, in 1960 one of the major magazines—I think it was *Life* ran a long photo spread of La Liz, which I promptly spirited away to my room. There was an

especially beautiful life-size, full-face portrait of Liz on one page which I still remember. I cut the portrait out, opened up the eye holes, and wore the photo as a mask for hours, trying to see the world through Liz Taylor's eyes.

• • •

One summer's day, when I was about eleven years old, my parents took off for the day and left my grandmother in charge of the house. Naturally, I saw this for the opportunity it was and stole away to the attic. Up there, I'd hidden a few things I knew my mother was no longer wearing: a sexy blue knit dress, a garter belt, a pair of stockings and a great pair of red satin pumps. I couldn't find a bra, but two pairs of rolled-up socks did the trick nicely. At eleven, I could easily wear my mother's things and everything fit like a dream. I pranced around as if dancing on a cloud, my idyll broken only when I became aware of my grandmother calling me. A wave of terror swept me like few I have ever known and in my panic I suddenly realized that I had soiled my pants. I tried to clean up as best I could and scurry back downstairs with my poor old grandmother none the wiser. But I never did see that knit dress or the red satin pumps again.

• • •

I emerged from my reverie and examined my situation. I obviously had trouble being accepted as Maggie, even by people who had figured out who and what I was. I worked in a pretty funky place where something like a gender switch would be accepted with reasonably good grace. In fact, I'd known at least two pre-ops since I'd been working there. On the negative side, reassignment surgery was out of the question because of my medical history—not that I thought it was really necessary, or even something I wanted, but I had to establish that the option was closed. Similarly, breast implants and hormone therapy were no-go. If I were going to live as a woman, it would have to depend strictly on my wits and skills. Would it be worth the effort? Damn right it would!

And so, in the spring of 1990, I made up my

mind to make the switch. I would give myself six months to make an orderly transition and, from then on, I would live almost exclusively as a woman. I was still a male legally and on a few rare occasions I would have to appear as one, but for all intents and purposes I would bury my male identity come the Fall.

I spoke with my roommate. We had a long and emotional discussion, with some shouting and some tears, but she made it clear that she fully accepted who I was and what I was becoming. I consider myself fortunate beyond expression to have had this wonderful woman for a roomie and friend for so long, and I'll always be grateful for her support.

Then I screwed up my courage and talked to my supervisors at work. Much to my surprise, they weren't terribly taken aback. Some of them have known me for many years and perhaps they could see this coming. Oh, well, I'm always the last to know. Nonetheless, I thought it would be a good idea to give everyone fair warning. The only question I got was from one person who asked it this meant I wouldn't talk baseball with him anymore. Listen, if someone told me I had to choose between Maggie and baseball, my answer would be "Go to hell."

At the same time, I stepped up work on my physical appearance. I brightened my naturally red hair and let it grow out, in anticipation of freeing myself from the necessity of wearing wigs (at this point I was rotating two, replacing them both every three months). I was thrilled the day the front had grown out enough for me to shape bangs. I had my ears pierced, and spent the money for a good pair of silicone breast pads. I began to take every free day available to live as Maggie, and when I was able to take my first real vacation in nine years, I spent every day as a woman.

As spring passed into summer, the biggest problem I found myself fighting was my own impatience. Part of me was ready to burst from my cocoon right away saying "Let's do it, now!" Even a few people at work wondered what I was waiting for. But all my false starts, all my years of unconscious preparation for

this moment, had shown me that I dare not make the full switch without being completely prepared, both mentally and emotionally. Candidates for reassignment surgery are usually expected to live full-time as a woman for up to two years before being seriously considered for the operation. In my mind, what I was doing could not be any more drastic or final than having my genitalia reshaped and I wouldn't get a second chance to do it right.

Besides, there was the matter of my legal status. Since the limits on my physical transformation forced me to remain a legal male, I had to find some way of legitimately establishing my female identity for everyday use. I finally decided to do it via a sworn declaration. It begins:

"Of my own free will and in the best interests of my emotional well-being, I have deemed

it preferable to function publicly and privately in the feminine gender. To that end, I have adopted and am doing business under the name of Margaret Leigh Morgan, or familiarly, 'Maggie.'"

It goes on to explain that I am still legally male and to disavow any intent to commit fraud or deceive anyone. I signed both my names to it, had it notarized, and sent copies to everyone who might need one. I also keep a copy in my handbag at all times. You never know.

So now, at last, I'm ready. Come October, I'll take a week's vacation. It'll be much like any other, except that I won't come back the way I left. I'll be the person I really want to be, Maggie Morgan, for keeps. And I can't wait.

Postscript: She really did it—Ed.

PERMANENT HAIR REMOVAL



The ultimate in femininity — a smoother, softer face and body.

JAYNE DOYLE

LICENSED ELECTROLOGIST

- EXPERIENCED WITH TVs & TSs
- CLIENT CONFIDENTIALITY ASSURED
- INDIVIDUAL STERILE PROBES
- AMPLE FREE PARKING
- EASY ACCESS VIA I-95 OR TRAIN
- ALSO - SHOPPING/CLOTHING ASSISTANCE

Greenwich, CT
Route 1
203•869•2323

or

Derby, CT
Route 34
203•734•5408



TVs/TSs CONNECT

With WOMEN

Who Understand...
Live Your Fantasy!

*Leave Your Femme Message...
Listen to Ladies' Messages...
Contact Them Immediately...
Discreetly!*

3 7 2 4
1-900-976-DRAG

24 hrs. • 7 days • \$3/min.

Step Out of the Closet Anytime

MIRAGE BREAST FORMS

CAN HELP YOU TO "Be All You Want To Be"

Imagine a breast form that attaches to your body so that they not only look and feel natural, but you can wear braless.

- We also have:
- Wigs
 - Lingerie
 - Magazines
 - How to books
 - Story books

And most products to help you feel complete.

For more information please send \$5.00 to:
Mirage, Box 6678-A, Glendale, CA 91225-0678



Vernon's Specialties, Inc.

Your one-stop place to shop. By mail or in person.

We stock everything you need to create the ultimate in femininity

- Clothing — Sizes 4 to 26 ½
- Leather & Latex Clothing, Etc.
- Professional Makeup Lessons
- Shoes — 10 W to 14 WW, 3½ to 6" heel
- Wigs — Jewellery — His & Her Exotic Lingerie
- Adult Novelties — Videos — Books — Magazines

Send \$20 for latest catalogs

Mon-Tues-Thu: 10AM to 6 PM • Wed - Fri: Noon to 8PM • Sat: 10AM to 5 PM

Private Appointments • Personal, Professional & Caring Service

386-L Moody Street • Waltham, MA 02154-5260 • (617) 894-1744

*Now, FAX your order.
 617•647•4082*

WE'RE NOT #1 YOU ARE

Mail Order Specialists Spanning the Globe Catering to the Needs of Everyone!

B. R. CREATIONS

Custom made corsets of satin, 100% cotton, cotton polyester, brocade, leather and metallic leather. Seven picture color brochure with separate order form.

Coset Newsletter is in its fifth year. Subjects covered are history, book reviews, dress patterns available for wearing with corsets, corsets in movies, waist reduction by corsetting, museum displays and current corset events.

Brochure and sample newsletter for \$6.00 in the USA, \$7.00 overseas

**B.R. CREATIONS
 Box 4201**

Mountain View, CA 94040 USA



Mirrorball

Nancy Ann H., Upstate New York



Jennifer, New York



Nancy Ann B., Maryland



Janet Marie, Indiana





*Clockwise from
the left:*

Lisa, Pittsburgh

Sussi, Mich.

*Lois Elaine
Fisher, Calif.*

*Sharon Tinsley,
Calif.*





***Clockwise from top left:
Evelyn, upstate New York
Diane McCoy
Sussi, Mich.
Sally, Calif.***





Mirror Mirror

Clockwise from top left:

Lee Jenkins, Texas

F. B., Allentown, Pa.

Dina Amberle, Phila., Pa.



Mirror Mirror

Clockwise from top right:

Dina Amberle, Phila., Pa.

Laura Ralston, Illinois

Andrea Taylor, Rockville, Md.



My Sears & Roebuck

Bright Red Lace Panties

by Dee, from Texas

I left the room I had borrowed and looked down the rickety wooden stairs. It must have been fifty steps and thirty feet to the ground. I would never make it to the bottom. I felt very insecure when I had climbed up those rotten stairs a few hours ago. Now it was very different. I wasn't the same person and I just didn't have the courage to try those steps again.

I wasn't the same as when I had left my home this morning or came to this place. Now I was more delicate, more restricted, and much less confident. The twenty-year-old, ex-high school football player and newly married college student of the early 1960's, was now unrecognizable from the person I had presented to the world for twenty years. But did I look ridiculous? Was the image in the mirror a lie my mind had made up because I wanted so strongly to appear to others to be the same as I was now dressed; as a lovely young lady about to go out on the town in her best attire?

I had waited and planned for years to have this one night when I completely as possible, would feminize myself and appear in public as the other personality within me who constantly begs to be let out. But now I was sick in my stomach, dizzy, and shaking all over. I didn't think I could go through it. I felt I was close to fainting and grabbed the handrail on the stairs only to see my long, manicured, and bright red painted fingernails that reminded me of all the trouble I had gone through today to change from male self to female self.

I had left my own apartment later than usual that morning. I was supposed to be on my way to college after my wife was on her way to work. It was Friday and my wife wouldn't be back home

from work that evening. She would be picked up by her mother at work and spend the weekend on a mother and daughter holiday.

I too had my luggage filled with clothes for a holiday. That is, filled with my treasures, new and as yet unworn: red lacy bra, panties, and garter belt set, hard found very sheer dark long nylon stockings with no reinforcement at the heel or toe and still in their flat cellophane—covered package with a picture of a lovely lady on the front modeling the hosiery—her dress riding or blown up by some invisible wind to show the full beauty of her legs in these shimmering nylons; high-heeled silver sandals, black velvet skirted and lace topped mini-dress, and all my makeup and hair curlers.

I intended to emulate the feeling, sight, smell and spirit of those lovely ladies who relished their femaleness and weren't embarrassed to take advantage of the prettiest frillies that are made available only to women. I already had a start having just that morning bathed in a scented oil bath while shaving all my male body hair and plucking my eyebrows. I left my apartment with red toenails, wearing pantyhose and pink panties under my male jeans with an oversized sweatshirt and canvas sneakers. I wore big sunglasses to cover my very thin and arched eyebrows. I was glad I had planned to trim and set my long hippie-style hair later as I already looked quite feminine with my then still almost beardless and smooth pudgy facial features and the last bit of my secret removed by the thinning of my heavy dark eyebrows into sculptured lines.

Well, I had certainly burnt all my bridges behind me, I thought, as I had created a situation from which there was no way to turn back. I really had no idea of how I would explain what I

had done to myself to my wife and family and friends. Maybe a mysterious skin rash could have left me hairless all over except for my head which then had shoulder length, straight, light brown tresses. Or, I could shave my head and what was left of my eyebrows and say a mysterious flying vehicle that glowed red and green had caught me in its ray and removed all the follicle growth from my body. Of course, then I would have to pull out all my eyelashes also.

None of these excuses would work and I knew that for this one night of compulsive behavior, I might even risk the chance of never being able to face my wife or family again. Worst, I could possibly be committed to some sort of institution that would “cure” me. Regardless of the danger, I was off to my day, even if I was terrified of what was to come.

It was due, I thought, to the power of the panties I was wearing that moved me forward toward my car, against what should be natural to my male nature. I was fairly prancing down the outside balcony past the other second floor apartments towards the stairs. The panties seemed to have some sort of control over me, making me drained of the resistance to fight my femininity and become enchanted at the sight of my ballerina like steps that revealed my nylon encased ankles above my shoe tops. I would have to be more careful, at least until I made the trip to my car and was safely underway. Some neighbors might still be home spying on my behavior like a school girl skipping off to play.

Once in the car and on my way, I had one stop to make before my final destination. I would need some mascara of a darker color than I now had. In and out of the drug store was quick but getting back on the road from the parking lot was hampered by traffic. As I waited my turn to pull out, two barely-teenaged girls approached the car and asked if I was a boy or a girl.

Quickly replacing my sunglasses to hide my eyebrows, I drove out onto the street not knowing what I thought of their question. I wanted this to be my day and all female, was I now insulted because I had not really started on the female day yet? I wanted to be complimented on the handsomely dressed, well manicured male

and also accepted as the demure, sultry, pretty female. Would my brain split in two? Where would I draw a line? Would I be rejected by people in either role?

Ouch! I just meant to have a day as a “perverted” pantie lover not analyze how I felt about it. Cinderella would go to the ball and the compulsion would be satisfied no matter what all the wicked stepsisters in the world would say. After all, I meant no harm to anyone. I just wanted my size 12 glass slipper.

Finally arriving at my “promised land” destination and having gotten partially settled into the borrowed apartment with my matched set of luggage (that is, all brown paper grocery sacks), I now felt some exhaustion even though it was only around noontime. I collapsed on the gigantic fifteen foot long couch and began to notice that the place was much more plush than I had first realized. There were a lot of antique looking objects, elaborate curtains on the many windows, overstuffed, new furniture, and mirrors. Mirrors everywhere, on every wall!

Sensing the urge to pay my water bill, I found the bathroom. It was huge and guess what, more mirrors! I decided to start my preparations right away, planning to borrow some of the expensive bubble bath I had seen and luxuriate in the large tub.

I moved all my paraphernalia into the bathroom and went to work. I removed all trace of sideburns, cut the front of my hair into a fringe of bangs; shampoo and setting lotion, and then rollers all over my head. I was becoming quite good at putting my hair up in rollers because I was not able to afford a wig, which was quite expensive then and made of human hair, usually oriental hair which needed much maintenance to keep it in shape.

Into the tub filled with fragrant bubbly bath oil and a long soak after discovering the sensation of bath oil soothed hairless body parts sliding against each other. I wanted to stay longer, constantly lifting my legs up above the foam examining the new look and testing the sensations of becoming maidenly. The funny thing

continued on page 32



MELISSA FOSTER

LadyLike's **PROFILE**

NAME: Melissa Foster

AGE: 40's

PROFESSION: Service Representative

RESIDENCE: Southern California

HEIGHT: 5' 10"

WEIGHT: 185#

MEASUREMENTS: 41 - 34 - 40, Size 16

SHOE SIZE: 9½ W

FAVORITE THINGS

SHOES STYLE: Stiletto High Heels

PERFUME: Poison by Dior

MOVIE: Die Hard

MUSIC: Rock 'n Roll, Classical

ACTIVITIES: Writing for gender publications

PLACE: Hawaii and Australia

TURN-ONS: Dressing elegantly, dinner & dancing, going for a drive in a convertible.

TURN-OFFS: Pushy people & rip-off artists. People who use drugs or drink too much.



Melissa Foster

LadyLike: Like most of us, you got an early start with crossdressing, but your story has an unusual twist. Tell us about that.

Melissa Foster: I started when I was seven years old. At that time, I would dress with three girls that were my age while we were at a baby-sitter's house. I was using the baby-sitter's clothes but she didn't know it.

When I was 12, the baby-sitter discovered Melissa and her "fetish" for female clothing. She started helping me dress and often took me out shopping as her niece.

This went on until I was 18 and decided to join the Air Force. Just prior to leaving for the service, my sitter, now teacher, bought Melissa a formal gown and she, along with her husband, took me out for dinner.

LL: What a marvelous way to get started. What happened while you were in the service?

MF: I suppressed Melissa for the first year or so, but after getting a regular assignment in Germany she started to come out again. I remember once I was visiting friends in the south and one of the women realized that I liked to crossdress. She talked me into dressing and going to a party. It was great.

LL: What happened after you got out of the service?

MF: After the military, I put Melissa back in the closet again for several years while I pursued a career and landed my present job. Once I was assured this job was secure, Melissa was let back out of the closet.



*was so refreshing for our community.
So, what happened next?*

MF: I joined up with Danielle Alexis (Lady-Like Profile in issue #6) at JMPG to help put together the *Crossdresser's International Shoppong Guide* and *Crodresser's Quarterly*.

Danielle does most of the writing and correspondence with clubs, organizations, individuals and vendors to put together items for the magazine.

Melissa helps with securing advertising and listings while promoting the publications within the gender community.

LL: *Your list of memberships is pretty impressive. Give us a run down on your affiliations.*

MF: Over the years, I've belonged to many organizations: Tri-Ess Alpha Chapter, IFGE, Feminine Image, Powder Puffs of Orange

LL: *What sort of things did you do then?*

MF: I traveled quite a bit and still do. I take Melissa with me wherever I go to meet friends in just about every state and foreign country.

LL: *You've been associated with several publications in the community. Tell us a little about that part of Melissa.*

MF: About 15 years ago, I started writing articles and placing ads to meet new friends. I wrote for *TV Girl Talk* and gelped put together *TV Gender*. I had hoped that *TV Gender* would become a newspaper that people could use to get useful information and learn to better understand their need to dress. Unfortunately, *TV Gender* went the way of *TV Girl Talk*, heaby on the sex and B&D.

LL: *How well I know the use of explicit sex in TV oriented magazines. That's why LadyLike*



County, ETV, A Rose, Alpha Zeta, Neutral Corner and currently CHIC.

I'd like to start a new group with others who like to go out more on a social basis and do things outside of monthly meetings.

LL: *You certainly are a joiner and avid supporter of the community.*

What is Melissa's philosophy of Life?

MF: I enjoy going out to dinner with others around the world; I'm a real party animal.

I derive great pleasure from meeting people and corresponding with them. I get several thousand letters a year and I try to answer each and every one of them.

One of my great joys in life is helping others. I can never repay some people for what they did for me in the past when I was just a fledgling coming out, so this is my way of saying thanks.



CROSS-DRESSERS
A Complete tv-ts-cd Resource

FANTASIES
CONFESSIONS
PERSONALS
CATALOGS
SERVICES
SHOP TALK
CLUBS/GROUPS
PRODUCTS

1-900-HIM-2 FEM
4 4 6 - 2 3 3 6

\$1.07 PER MINUTE
PLUS CONNECTION FEE OF \$2
BILLED DISCREETLY

My Sears & Roebuck

Bright Red Lace Panties

was that I didn't feel weak or feeble in this new persona but strong or rather resolved to be this other character. Of course, I was alone and not revealing my other side to anyone else.

Out of the tub, wrapping a big fluffy towel around me Brigitte Bardot style. I stood in front of the large mirror in front of the sink. A large marble countertop allowed me to spread out my makeup items and the rows of light bulbs around the mirror allowed me to see that "Miss Bardot" would need some work.

Well, as I said, it was a young almost hairless smooth face, with a then small nose. I began to transform. Foundation, liquid pancake, powder, rouge (no blush with a brush back then) liquid eyeliner (the same stuff, but in a small bottle, that they used to patch cracks in asphalt roads) false eyelashes (put on with something they called surgical glue and probably made from the mistakes of inept surgeons) eyeshadow in three colors (or maybe four, anyway, stop at the eyebrow or look like a science fiction queen from the planet Domineeta) eyebrow pencil (to replace the eyebrows you just plucked out) lipstick, after outlining the lips in a darker color (this should be subtle - mine was only slightly brighter than Rudolph's nose) and to finish, the beauty mark (pick a mole, pimple, or anyplace between the nose and mouth and put a dot with the eyebrow pencil - this was mandatory for the "queen" of the early 1960's) and I emerged gorgeous, beautiful, and careful not to move my face for the fear that something would crack and fall off.

Carefully now and trippingly almost on tiptoes, I made my way into the living area to file my long fingernails to points and paint them the same bright red as my very cute toenails. The curtains were open and the blinds up on the windows but I did not move to close them. Someone from the traffic below might see the nymph preparing herself to best lesser mortals, but she would be generous. Perhaps later, she

would show them a glimpse of her in her new red panties, bra, and garterbelt set complete with stockings.

When my nails dried and after another period of self-examination featuring a long look and many new gestures with my beautified hands, I went to gather my lingerie. I began to lay out each item delicately, being careful with my long nails. One item was missing, my treasured red panties! I searched again and again each time more disparately. They weren't there. I must have left them at home. I didn't really have to have them. After all, no one should really know. But I wanted everything to be perfect. This might be the climax of my life. What I had done today could very well make my future life spent in trying to recover from it. I wanted the memories to be of everything done to my best.

I was trying to figure out what to do. I couldn't remove all my makeup and nail polish and straighten out my curled hair to go home. There wouldn't be time enough to come back and get dressed again. I didn't feel I could take the risk of sneaking in and out of my apartment as I was. It was getting late and many neighbors would be home from work. The only thing I could think to do was to try to buy some other red panties. There was a Sears store nearby and I could go dressed. It was Halloween, a lot of people were in costume or planning to be.

I decided to go to Sears dressed as I was now after putting back on the jeans, sneakers and pulling the bulky sweatshirt over my hair curlers. I was made brave in this resolve by the look of a rather sloppy but real young lady I saw in the mirror. I rushed out to my car ignoring the dangerous back stairs and was soon in the parking lot at the store. I was lucky to find a place right outside the door that was directly in front of women's lingerie. I was familiar with the store, having shipped there before. That was good, I could get in and out quick, but also bad in that someone might recognize me.

Suddenly nervous again. I checked out the parking lot for people and stared at the wide double glass door. So, Go, Go! I told myself. Out of the car now, my hair bouncing in the curlers, I had to force myself to slow down and not stride

across the pavement like King Kong on the run. Nobody was around. I approached the door and saw this woman with her hair rolled up, in full makeup, with her long finger nails flashing coming toward me. I moved to the right to get out of her way. She moved with me. Idiot! You are looking at your own reflection in the glass doors! A lady came down the sidewalk from another direction tugging at a small little girl in a fairy princess like costume. The little girl drug her magic wand on the ground and tried to keep up in stumbling steps. The mother charged right by me but the little girl stared as they passed almost breaking her little neck to keep me in focus.

Okay, I'm inside now and can see the counter where they keep the valuable items. The panties were laid out like the jewels at Tiffanys' but unguarded by security men with guns. Arranged by colors, white, pink, blue, red - red! that was my goal! Only ten feet away but now blocked by a very large but shapely and beautifully dressed black woman. She wore a black knit sheath dress with much gold jewelry and was, even though, very pretty and immaculately made up with her hair pulled back behind her ears and perched on very high heels, she was to me the final roadblock and I was ready to quit.

As I looked up toward her face, there was, on her shoulder a name tag identifying her as an employee. Out of all the neglected customers over all the years she had to be a responsible salesperson and help me. I reached beyond her and grabbed a pair of panties in the red section. She immediately took them out of my hand, placed them back and picked out another red pair. She held the panties up by the waist band and announced that they were the ones for me. They were breathtaking, much lacier and prettier than my original lost panties. She held them up to me and said I would be just darling in them. The rest of the transaction was carried out at the cash register and I never spoke a word. Heading to the doors with my little paper bag in my painted fingernailed hand, the saleslady yelled after me, "enjoy them sweetie". I still argue with myself if she knew or not. I do think that she did know her sale would be put to good use and appreciated.

I bounded back to the car, curlers bouncing again on my head and rode back to the apartment frequently checking the formally made up face that was in my rearview mirror. It was getting dark now and the parking lot and back of the building were brightly lit with large flood lights. I need to hurry now so as not to miss a minute of this special night.

Once in the apartment, I stripped and quickly donned my new undergarments. Standing in front of a mirror and rotating side to side, the suspenders of my garterbelt flipped back and forth across my smooth bald thighs. The bra, with its strange weight upon my chest forming my newly shaped, red lace covered breasts and its straps and clasp binding me into womanliness, joined with my panties in an exciting mixture of erasing what I was and enhancing what I had become. I didn't even have the black sheer stockings on yet but I already felt exhilarating. I had delayed the stockings because they seemed some sort of climax. It could be for a joke that a man would try on a bra or jump in and out of his wife's or girlfriend's panties, but for a man to shave his legs and draw on ultra sheer nylon stockings was no joking matter. It was a commitment.

I moved to the couch across from the mirrored wall to sit and pull on my stockings. Carefully opening the package, I unfolded them and held them to let the light shine through their fine dark color. Gathering the hosiery and gently rolling them up my legs was almost acted out in slow motion. What I had admired so much on women's legs was now on my own hairless limbs, and who could tell the difference? As I fastened them to the garterbelt and felt their slick charm by rubbing my legs together and my hands over them, I sensed a feeling of hatred from all the women whose delightful secret from men I had stolen.

I stood up from the couch to survey my legs and new nylons from another view while most easily sliding my stocking clad feet into my high-heeled glittery silver sandals. I posed again in the many mirrors, watching the flashes of light like miniature lighting running up and down the taut nylons that made my legs a beautiful sight and

which along with the rest of my preparations, had me wishing for a sympathetic woman to comment and compliment on my looks. Someone to share my passion.

Actually, I probably was sharing my new look as I unrolled and brushed out my hair. It being light in the room and dark outside, anyone could see in from the streets below through the uncurtained windows. I moved to the bathroom and fixed the style with hairspray. My hair had come out quite nice with soft waves falling to a fringe of loose curls from below my ears around to the back of my neck just brushing my shoulders. The bangs were fluffy and half curled to just above my fine arched eyebrows. I clipped on my large dangle rhinestone earrings and touched up my makeup, reapplying lipstick.

I was finished except for putting on my dress and while rechecking the details, I suddenly began to feel very modest. The need to now cover up lest someone see my pretty undies must have a sort of feminine response. I pulled on my dress and contorted to zip it up the back, worrying about later being able to get it unzipped. The zipper seemed to slam shut at the top like a jail cell door. I hadn't remembered to dress being so tight. The dress was animated now and it hugged me in its soft grasp. It had a personality that was telling me that I, a male, had started this but now control of this situation had been taken away from me.

I almost swooned in ecstasy at the sight and feel of my totally decorated body while I again tried to reassure myself and gain confidence as I surveyed every angle up close and stepped back in the mirror. It was having the opposite effect as I grew more and more nervous. This was not because what I had done to myself made me look clown-like or a parody of womanhood but because I looked too good, too totally transformed, too serious about being feminine. This was what I wanted for so long and I was serious about it, but I could not stand to expose myself as loving to be feminine and be ridiculed or hated for it.

To get back to where I started this story, I now had to decide whether to go or not to go. Sounds like Hamlet in drag; "to be or not to be". I had decided to be, at least outside on the stairs'

landing and then to decide to go down or not.

I felt an unfamiliar chill while perched outside on the stair top and looked down past my tight miniskirt, black shimmering stockings, silver glittering high heeled sandals, and red-painted toenails to see the autumn leaves rustle on the ground and realize that the coldness was coming from the October wind that was blowing around my hairless legs past my short skirt and up to the top of my stockings to make my bare thighs between the reinforced top band of the stockings and the lacy hem of the panties have a goose pimply cold chill.

Two young men were walking across the parking lot down below. They waved and smiled while staring up at me. Oh please no! They were looking up my dress!

I turned to go back into the apartment but the door wouldn't open! I twisted the doorknob and shoved as hard as I could while clomping around on my high heels, as becoming disparate to be inside and hide this vulnerable person in a short dress. It was a door that automatically locked when closed and I had left the key inside. I was stuck! I would have to go downstairs to the bar to get another key. No other solution could be possible and I certainly didn't want to stand there at the top of the stairs clutching the guardrail with my well manicured hands while showing off my pretty Sears & Roebuck red lace panties and growing a beard to past my brassier to wait for a miracle to pop open the door.

Trying to breath not in gasps and to remember the image of myself in the mirror, I started down the great dilapidated staircase. Carefully, I placed one delicately shod foot in front of the other, watching the rise and fall of my glistening bald knees as they played with my skirt, making it slide back and forth across my thighs creating a slight whistling sound from the friction between the satin lining of the black velvet skirt and my very sheer dark nylon stockings. My brassier moved across my back, the straps pulling at my shoulders as my false breasts bounced up and down rubbing against my own small male nipples making them erect and sensitive to each footfall. I felt the dress and its satiny lining slip to and fro about my buttocks, lightly caressing my silky

panties while the garterbelt's suspenders expanded and contracted against my thighs making a tug felt all way to my toes. I watched the little hills and valleys formed by the dress moving between by legs as I now began to exaggerate my mannerisms, swaying my hips provocatively to enhance all the motions surrounding my body. It was as if my clothes and I were having foreplay.

I was shocked back to my senses by a man in a dark suit who was waiting for me at the bottom of the stairs as if he was my date and I was coming to meet him. The stranger extended his hand to help me down the last few perilous steps and releasing his grip, turned to quickly stride toward the back door of the bar. He opened the door and made a slight bow toward me as a gentlemanly gesture toward a lady. At first hesitating, I demurely crossed my forearms under my breasts and moved forward, my high heels striking the concrete sidewalk with a distinctive click, the dress and nylons continuing to make their little whistle with each step. Once inside the bar, it appeared I now had an escort who was almost panting as he perused my backside. I blamed myself for this uncomfortable situation as he was snuffing my perfumed neck. I meant to be attractive but not to announce by my attire that I was looking for a man.

My dilemma was solved by my friend the bar owner who came over and told me he had a drink ordered for me at the counter and there he took the man aside to talk. I went to the stool in front of my drink and tried to slide up on it. It was too tall and my skirt was too tight. I finally had to make a small jump backward while clutching the hem of my skirt to keep it from riding up passed my stocking tops and showing my garters. The clothes I had picked as a man who would like to see a woman dressed this way and as a crossdresser would loved being dressed this way, were giving me a lesson in ladylike deportment. I was learning the pleasures and also the limitations of dressing oneself entirely in the many pretty things I adored so much.

There were few people there at this early hour and I was able to practice being female, trying different positions from girlish to whorish while

delighting in the sensation of sliding my stocking covered legs against each other as I crossed and recrossed them. I was caught in this reverie by the bar owner who come up to me as the unknown man in black was leaving out the back door. He explained that the stranger was an insurance salesman who had actually thought I was a desirable young lady. My confidence began to rise greatly.

I felt more and more secure as more people in costumes arrived at the bar. I met a truck driver dressed as Scarlet O'Hara, a banker who looked somewhat like Marilyn Monroe, a devil dressed all in black with tights and high heels who sold hamburgers, and gorgeously gowned young nurse, among several others in various types of female attire. They were all men.

A few of us decided to go barhopping in the banker's limousine and were soon seen all over town, me, my new friends, and my Sears & Roebuck Bright Red Lace Panties. I had forgot about the key.



No Excuses!
*How many times
have you said, "I'll
subscribe when I get
a Round TO IT."*

*Well, here it is, so
no more excuses.
Subscribe to
LadyLike magazine.
Do it today!*

TRANSFORMATION

EVERYTHING FOR
 TRANSVESTITES, TRANSEXUALS
 CROSSDRESSERS
 FEMALE IMPERSONATORS



We are the largest & most complete firm dealing with all the unique items for the crossdresser.

OVER 100 VIDEOS! PLUS: MAGAZINES, CLOTHING, SHOES, BOOTS, BREAST-ENLARGEMENT DEVICES, WIGS, UNDERGARMENTS, CORSETS, KNICKERS, SPECIAL BRAS, UNIFORMS, PETTICOATS, COSMETICS, DRESSES, ETC.

• Also available: Bondage Gear, Adult Baby Items, Forced Feminization, REAL Chaabity Devices!

• PLUS: Information on How-to-Look your most feminine Make-up and Dress...and much, much more.

• Send \$1⁰⁰ to get on our MAILING LIST, you will receive our FREE MONTHLY BROCHURES!

Featuring Centurian's Bondage Catalogs & Merchandise

SPARTACUS HS
 ORANGE, CA 92666

BOX 495

Lydia's TV Fashions

Celebrating our 10th year



- CLASSIC PUMPS •
- STAGE PUMPS •

SIZES 9 TO 15

RED & BLACK LEATHER
OR PATENT LEATHER

5" HEELS \$90.00

6" HEELS \$105.00

Including S & H

CA residents add 6.5% tax
Phone orders with
MasterCard or Visa
MANY OTHER STYLES
OF SHOES IN STOCK!

WE CARRY

Dresses • Skirts • Lingerie • Shoes • Wigs
Beard Cover • Make-Up • Garter Belts
Waist Cinchers • Corsets • Bras • Maid Uniforms
Breast Forms • Nylon Hose • Panty Hose
(crotchless & garter belt)
Thigh High, Knee High, and Ankle Boots Available

• MAKE-UP LESSONS •

By Appointment



Call (818) 995-7195
For catalog (send \$6.00)

13837 Ventura Boulevard, Suite 2, Sherman Oaks, California 91423

Store Hours: Monday through Friday 12:00 noon to 6:00 p.m.

Saturday NEW HOURS 11:00 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.

Transformations

We're short on transformation photos this issue. Only one brave soul, Corin Stuart, choose to share her transformation. This has been a highly praised feature of LadyLike, so we'd like to see more pix. Send us your transformation today!





Versatile Fashions

Newest Books & Videos

"Tales From Antoinette's Boudoir" book collection. Eight books available: Collection #1, #2, #3 & #4. Artwork by Valentina, Chris, Lee & Bill Ward. \$12.50 each (postpaid) or order the entire book set for \$72.00 (postpaid)

Hot New Exotic Videos!

"She-Males Behind Closed Doors"
"Dazzling Dominants"
"Mistress Sondra's TV Discipline"
"Skin Tight" Fashion Catalog/Video
All videos - 60 mins.; \$53.00 postpaid



Mail To:

Versatile Fashions
PO Box 1051
Tustin, CA 92681
714•538•6498

Retail Store:

Versatile Fashions Boutique
1925 E. Lincoln Blvd.
Anaheim, CA 92805
714•776•1510

Take a Walk on the Wildside Inc.

As seen on television



Imported corsettes
Heels (sizes 8-14)
Dermablend make-up

Wigs, Lingerie, Videos
Make-overs and now...
A TV Bed 'n Breakfast

416•864•0420

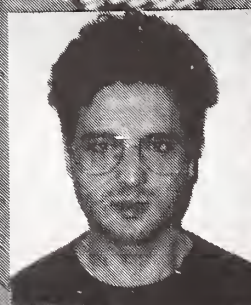
Serving the cross-dresser since 1988
In the heart of downtown Toronto

TAKE A WALK ON THE WILDSIDE

PRESENTS

THE
**JACKIE
LOREN**
make-up video

17 YEARS AS A
PROFESSIONAL FEMALE
IMPERSONATOR, NOW
JACKIE LOREN
SHARES HER PERSONAL
BEAUTY SECRETS WITH
YOU!



\$69.95

CHEQUE OR MONEY ORDER
payable to:

TAKE A WALK ON THE WILDSIDE

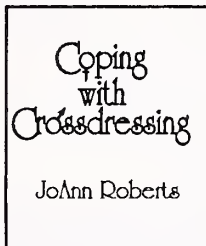
2312-620 JARVIS STREET
TORONTO, M4Y 2R8 CANADA

OR CALL
(416) 864-0420

ONTARIO RESIDENTS ADD 8% PST

ONLY THE BEST FROM CDS

■ ■ ■ NEW! Self-Help! ■ ■ ■



Coping With Crossdressing—Strategies & Tools for Partners in Committed Relationships: Too often, women are expected to accept their partner's crossdressing without really understanding the behavior. JoAnn Roberts looks at crossdressing from both sides of the relationship and gives positive advice on how to cope. A serious book for couples struggling with crossdressing.

80 pages, \$10.00

■ ■ ■ NEW! Fiction! ■ ■ ■

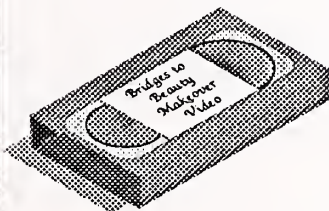


Star Cross'd by Chelsea Brown: Sue saw Star leaving Robin's house and wondered why Robin bothered with an obvious prostitute. Find out what happens when Sue confronts Star in *Star Cross'd*.

Butterfly-1 by Diane Fox: Put on your asbestos underwear as Diane takes you on the wildest weekend you'll ever experience. This one's got a little bit of everything, a real crowd pleaser.

Each \$7.00

■ ■ ■ NEW! Video! ■ ■ ■



Bridges To Beauty by Jim Bridges

Makeup magic by a Master of the Art—Jim Bridges. You've seen him at every major event. You've heard the rave reviews. Now watch and learn his Hollywood style in the privacy of your own home. This ain't no home movie! This is broadcast quality video produced by members of our own community, a true labor of love. Rated A+ by *enFemme* Magazine.

Bridges to Beauty, basic

60 min., \$55.00

Hollywood Beauty Secrets, advanced

45 min., \$45.00

■ ■ Don't Forget Our "Standards" ■ ■

Art & Illusion: A Guide to Crossdressing

\$10.00

Art & Illusion Companion

\$8.00

The Transsexual's Survival Guide

\$21.50

Speaking As A Woman

\$8.00

Fluff the Bunny

\$6.00

LadyLike Magazine - current issue

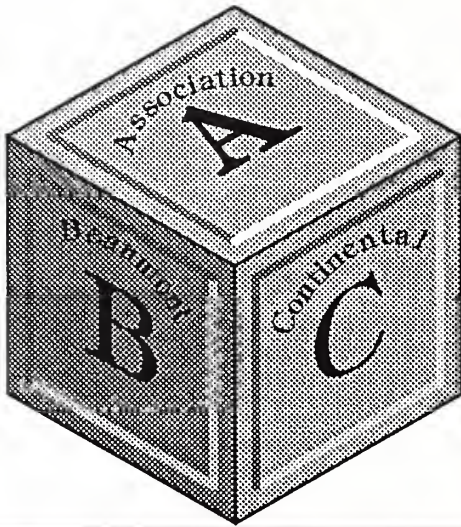
\$9.00

enFemme Magazine - current issue

\$7.00

Price includes First Class postage for U.S. orders. Write for non-U.S. prices

**CDS, PO Box 1263
King of Prussia, Pa 19406**



Association Beaumont Continental 15th Anniversary Gala 22 September 1990 Evian les Bains France

Evian sounds like the silky taste of mineral water cleansing your taste buds and toning them up in readiness for a gourmet French meal and that's exactly what it is. It's also a little town, unabashedly showing off Swiss orderliness, on the French side of Lake Léman snuggling up to a hill on a clear, crisp sunny day of which there are plenty during the year.

At least that's what it says in the brochures. When I was there with the other girls from Association Beaumont Continental (ABC) at the Hotel de France, it was a grey day with mild gusts of wind and occasional rain slapping at our faces. Temperatures, however, were very reasonable making low necklines and bare backs possible and enjoyable.

The girls were expected to be in full glory as this was the 15th Anniversary gala for ABC. Delegations from Germany and Switzerland participated. One can see Geneva and Lusanne across the lake on a clear day, although we couldn't as clouds hung low over a gray lake. The bad weather ruined our chance for a boat ride our organizer, Rose, had planned. (In French, we say "organisatrice" which is so much more feminine than the English version.)

The top of the hill is a magnificent plane with lush lawns and chestnut trees. From here you can see the art nouveau headquarters of the *Evian* mineral water company. The landscape gradually rolls down from the hill with charming old and new houses perched on ridges coming to a halt at the lake's edge. The Hotel de France lies somewhere in the middle of this scheme. And, on this weekend the clientele were

entirely feminine — all ABC girls, not to mention the totally feminine staff of the hotel.

The first evening event on Friday was an ordinary get-to-know-each-other dinner at La Pizza, a small pizzeria run by mother-daughter Rita and Pat. They are steadfast friends of ABC and are personal friends to many of the members. Rita and Pat are the only two "real" (I hate the distinction) women to be members of ABC.

Saturday evening we had a superb five-course gourmet dinner with champagne. Our glasses were kept filled by the all-girl staff of the restaurant whose spacious main dining room was decorated for the occasion and reserved just for ABC. The champagne came from bottles with special labels for ABC.

That's as much as I remember of the early part of the evening. The rest I can only recall through a burst of sparkling champagne bubbles, a glittery flash of jewelry, explosions of color on dresses, glimpses of nylon clad legs and high heels peeking through slits in long gowns, laughter and insouciance, and of the songs we sang together. I do remember walking back to the hotel at 4 a.m. with some other girls, each of us holding onto her dignity (despite so much champagne), taking dainty steps on high heels; each of us feeling beautiful and queenly.

It's always a rude awakening the next day. On the floor lay scattered jewelry, stockings, shoes, bra, panties and my pink-blue silk Indian sari. I must collect and pack this all up, remove my makeup, get back into "civilian" gear and hit the road in time to get back to Paris at a respectable hour. Whew! But there's always next time!

CHAMPAGNE



BEAUMONT - CONTINENTAL

15^{eme} ANNIVERSAIRE

1975 - 1990

Evian 21, 22, 23 Septembre 1990

This report was provided
to LadyLike
by ABC member
Laura, BCF 1075

Some of the lovely
ladies
of ABC
during their
Gala Celebration



Would you love to be beautiful?

- Are you all dressed up & afraid to go out the door?
- Are you worried about your makeup being wrong?
- Are you worried about being read when speaking?
- Frightened about falling off your high heels?

**No More!!!!
We have a solution!!!**

(Maybe two)

Frankie and Jerri of Fe-mail Fantasies (the people who do fabulous makeovers) have two new videos:

- "HOW TO APPLY YOUR MAKEUP" is a 40-min. step-by-step visual demonstration of how to give yourself a soft, feminine appearance with makeup. Anyone can learn! ONLY \$29.95 + \$5.00 Shipping & Handling.
- "HOW TO SPEAK AND ACT AS A WOMAN" is the first detailed video approach to teaching you female voice skills as well as feminine hand gestures, walking, sitting, table manners, car etiquette and more. Offered at \$39.95 + \$5.00 Shipping & Handling.



BEFORE



AFTER

Your answer to prayer?!?!?

Don't miss these! You won't be Sorry!

And don't forget our wonderful makeovers.

Through our detailed questionnaire and your pictures, we'll do your own personal makeover! You'll get suggestions on best haircolors/hairstyles, makeup, a personal color palette, best clothing styles with image hints along with a serious critique of your strong and weak points. We give referrals for products and services which will help achieve your new look. All for \$59.95 + \$5.00 Shipping & Handling.

*"Overall, you get great value for your money...
Fe-mail Fantasies is unique"*

JoAnn Roberts, Publisher, *EnFemme Magazine*

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP: _____

PLEASE SEND:

- ☐ "HOW TO APPLY YOUR MAKEUP" VIDEO \$29.95 + \$5.00 SHIPPING
☐ "HOW TO SPEAK AND ACT AS A WOMAN" \$39.95 + \$5.00 SHIPPING
☐ MAKEOVER PACKAGE \$59.95 + \$5.00 SHIPPING

CHECK YOUR METHOD OF PAYMENT:

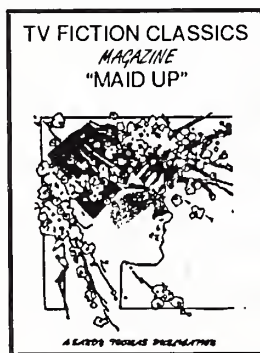
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ MasterCard-Acct. No. _____ Exp. Date _____

☐ VISA-Acct. No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Send to: **FE-MAIL FANTASIES**

P.O. BOX 7701, LAGUNA NIGUEL, CALIF. 92607



MAGS INC.

5th & Main Bookstore

464 1/2 Main Street

Los Angeles, CA 90013

1-800-359-2116

Send for free brochure of current titles.

...

Largest selection in the West.

PLEASE SEND THE FOLLOWING:

<input type="checkbox"/> FLIGHT OF FANCY	7.00	NEW
<input type="checkbox"/> MAID UP	7.00	NEW
<input type="checkbox"/> ACTING LIKE A GIRL	7.00	NEW
<input type="checkbox"/> ALL DOLLED UP	7.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> NOT ENOUGH GIRLS	7.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS	7.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> CANT CUT IT	7.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> SKIRTING THE ISSUE	7.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> JUST LIKE A WOMAN	7.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON		7.00
<input type="checkbox"/> ROOM FOR A CHANGE	7.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER		7.00
<input type="checkbox"/> PAT GOES COED	7.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> CHEERLEADER MASCOT		7.00
<input type="checkbox"/> MISS-ING PASSPORT	7.00	
<input type="checkbox"/> MODEL HUSBAND	7.00	

First class mail shipping -\$1.00 per book (\$3.00 minimum)

Total Order - AMOUNT ENCLOSED _____

Make checks payable to: MAGS INC.

MAILING

NAME: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State _____ Zip _____

I am over 21. Sign: _____

Night Of A Thousand Gowns

Clockwise from top left: Sheila Kirk and Eve B. wander the Waldorf, Dina Dynel & escort, Marie-Antoinette never looked so good, a charming newcomer.
(All photos courtesy of Mariette Pathy Allen.)



Transformations: *Crossdressers & Those Who Love Them*



▲ *Kevin (far left) & Renee (with Kevin) at their wedding.*



▲ *Amy (l.) and her partner Rita.*

*All photos on this page by
Mariette Pathy Allen,
reprinted by permission of
the author.*

*Transformations is
published by E. P. Dutton
New York, NY.*



▲ *Lois (l.) & her partner Penny.*

*Transformations is
available from:*

*IFGE
P. O. Box 367
Wayland, MA 01778*

*Facts & Fiction
1560 Drexel Ave., #6
Miami Beach, Fl 33139*



▲ *Liz (l.) and her partner Jyneen.*



▲ *Davida (l.) and partner Corinne*

More Photos from Mariette Allen



▲ *Delia*



▲ *Terry White*



▲ *Cori*



▲ *Vicky West*

1-900
329-TVTS

\$20
per call
Call me!

In 212 516 914 and
718 area codes.

Call
970-JUDY
(970-5839)

for hot phone sex
with a
beautiful
she male.
\$25 per call

Live
one-on-one
Crossdressers
especially
welcome to
call—
REAL
Transvestites
and
Transsexuals.

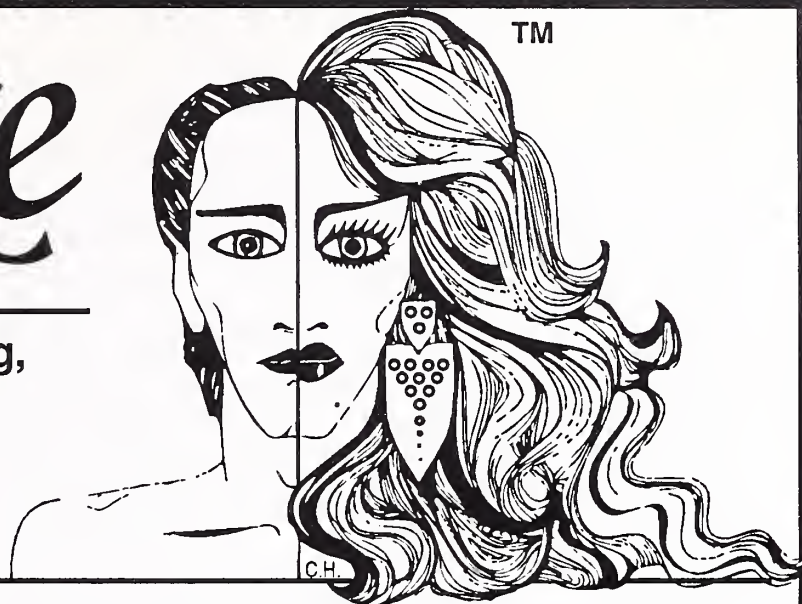
1-900
329-TVTS

\$20
per call
Call me!

Forbidden Fruit

LadyLike

The most informative, entertaining,
and sophisticated publication
to come along in years
dealing exclusively with
the sincere crossdresser.



LadyLike is the publication that treats the subjects of transvestism and crossdressing as they should be treated, with sincerity and sophistication. Chock full of great features and loads of photos, you won't want to miss a single issue.

Each issue contains important and useful information to help you realize those "ladylike" qualities within yourself.

- GIRL TALK is our regular advice column.
- The LadyLike PROFILE highlights our readers with an in-depth interview. Who knows, you could be our next candidate.
- Our RESOURCES section is an up-to-date listing of support groups, boutiques, information services and events.
- MIRROR-MIRROR is your personal photo section. We review scores of photos for each issue. Send us your photo today.
- ARTICLES that are fun and informative.

LadyLike is so popular, we're completely sold out of back issues!

That's right, SOLD OUT, so don't let another issue pass you by.

Sign up to a four-issue subscription today!

U.S. Subscription rate — \$32

Canadian Subscriptions — \$34

Overseas Subscriptions — \$48

Single issue — \$9.00 (U.S.), \$9.50 (Can.), \$13.00 (Other)

Send Check or Money Order (U.S. funds, please) to:

CDS, P.O. Box 1263, King of Prussia, PA 19406

W I L D S I D E



Catalogue \$10. plus \$3.50 p/h

416-869-0420 — 429 C Dundas St. E., Toronto, Ontario, M5A-2A9